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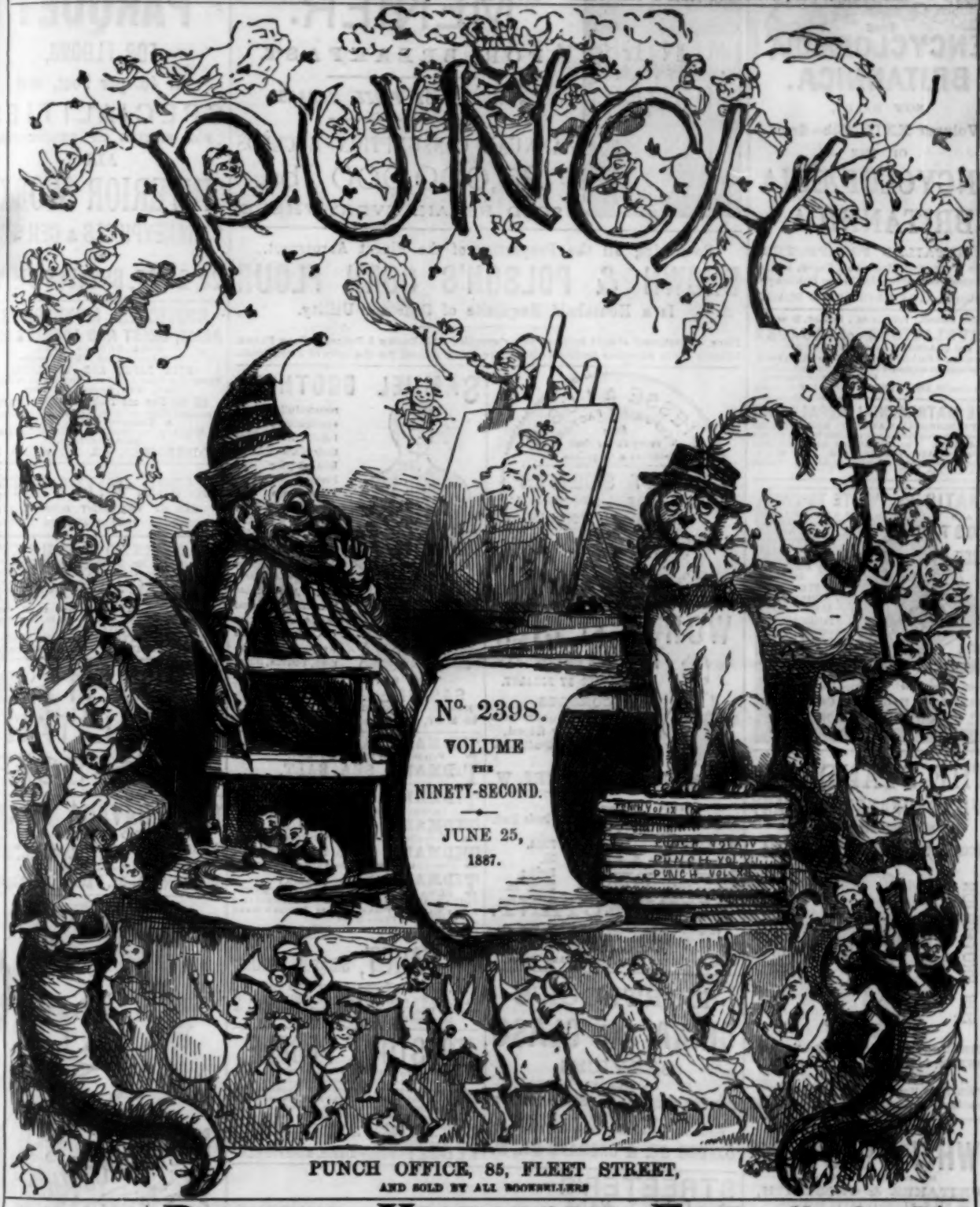

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TWO JUBILEES.

(A SCENE ON THE EVE OF THE SECOND.)

"WHAT?—what? How?—how? Hay?—hay?" sounded a faint and flurried voice in *Mr. Punch's sanctum*.

"Pray be seated, Sire," said *Mr. Punch*, with a calm courtliness well calculated to put even a hurried and embarrassed Royal Shade entirely at his ease.

"Farmer GEORGE" sank into a chair, with a sigh of relief. Only the queue of his shadowy wig seemed to wobble a little, as he gazed inquiringly around him.

"Well, well," he murmured, "I never expected—never—to find myself in a Satirist's den—um, ah!—I mean chamber, study, what d'ye call it, hay? But, but—I—eh—I suppose even Satirists and—ha!—Caricaturists have changed—for the better, I trust, for the worse they couldn't—since the days of that rascal, PETER PINDAR, and that scoundrel, GILLRAY, hay?—hay?"

"*Most* things have changed, and for the better, since the last Jubilee—your Majesty's own—on the 25th of October, 1809," replied *Mr. Punch*, with dignified decisiveness.

"Ah! happy to hear it—happy to hear it," muttered GEORGE THE THIRD. "You don't *look* an insolent and disloyal knave, I must allow."

"They were not all such, even in 1809," responded the Sage, smiling.

"Why, no—no," spluttered the King. "PYE, my Poet-Laureate, put my case very prettily."

> "'They bless the halcyon hours that gave,
> To rule a people free and brave,
> A patriot Monarch all their own,
> Their swords his bulwark, and their hearts his throne,'"

quoted the All-Knowing One.

"*What* a memory!" cried "Grandfather GEORGE," amazedly. "Why—why—I'd even forgotten the lines myself. But I—a—cannot help thinking that PYE, and FITZGERALD, and—a—SOUTHEY did this sort of thing better, that is more dutifully, than your own TENNYSONS and SWINBURNES."

"Hyperbolical lyrical panegyric may perhaps be counted among the lost arts. And no great loss either." So the Sage.

"Humph!" said His Majesty, dubiously. "I—I trust my Royal Granddaughter agrees with you."

"Our Sovereign Lady is far too sensible not to do so," responded *Mr. Punch*. "Her place in the affections of her people is much too solidly assured to need the sham support of sycophantish adulation."

"Well, well, times *have* changed—times *have* changed, indeed," said the King, stooping to pat the Dog of Dogs.

"Praise is no longer servile, blame no longer brutal, and even caricature no longer coarse, your Majesty," responded TOBY's Master, pleasantly.

"Ah, well," cried Farmer GEORGE, "I never did understand Caricatures, as I said concerning the impertinent prints of that ribald rascal, GILLRAY."

"And so made an enemy of him for life, Sire," said *Mr. Punch*. "PASQUIN now, if pungent, is polite, and appreciated even in Courts and Cabinets. He is free, and therefore fair; fearless, and consequently decorous. The Jester at VICTORIA's Jubilee will carry a loyal heart beneath his motley, and will bear himself as differently from the scurril Satirist at *yours*, as from the cockscombed Clown at EDWARD THE THIRD's, or the baubled buffoon at that of the Third HENRY."

"Happy VICTORIA!" cried the Kingly Shade, wagging his wigged head with enthusiasm. "And her Colonies, hay? No insolent insubordination, no rascally rebellion—hay?—hay?—hay?"

"Their representatives will be most willing, and the most welcome adornments of the Jubilee Pageants," replied his companion, with cheerful conviction.

"Marvellous!" exclaimed the Solomon of Britain. "More wonderful than the apples in the dumplings. How *do* you do it?"

"Well," said the Sage, "we have BEACONSFIELDS and GLADSTONES instead of GRENVILLES and NORTHS; and we have VICTORIA—her health, your Gracious Ex-Majesty!—in place of——"

Here TOBY yapped exultantly, and the Royal Shade stooped over him, whether to soothe the Dog or to recover his own composure need not be too closely inquired.

"Moreover," pursued Mr. PUNCH, courteously unobservant of the Royal perturbation, "moreover, Sire, we have a just-minded and generous-hearted People in power, with freedom for an inspiration, and for a Mentor—Myself!!!"

"Hay?—hay? What?—what?" exclaimed the Shade, excitedly. "Freedom?—Power?—for the People? Prodigious!! And—and

HOPE DEFERRED.

Sketch at the R-y-l Ac-d-my Refreshment Room.

1·30. "'Am Sandwich and Glass of Stout. Yessir!"

1·45. "Coming, Sir!"

2·0. "'Tend to you in a moment, Sir!"

2·15. "What can I get you, Sir?" (*Da capo.*)

—don't the rascals abuse their privileges? Have they no JACK WILKES to egg them on to sedition?"

"Don't be too hard on JACK WILKES, your Majesty," said *Mr. Punch*. "Remember the 'merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite,' said a good word for you, after all. *Vide* BYRON'S 'Vision of Judgment.'" (The Shade shuddered.) "No, your Majesty, I don't think HARCOURT, LABOUCHERE, and BRADLAUGH, Cerberus'd into one, would make quite an equivalent to that dauntless demagogue, that ribald wit. But then we have no BUTE or GRAFTON, to give point to the would-be Lucianic scurrility of a WILKES, or power to the pseudo-Juvenalian rhodomontade of a JUNIUS."

"Happy VICTORIA!" repeated her Royal Ancestor. "But, seriously, my *dear Mr. Punch*,—to think that I should ever learn to love a Caricaturist!—*how do you do it?* Hay?"

The Sage of Fleet Street smiled mildly, but meaningly, upon his anxiously interrogative guest.

"Your Majesty," said he, "I cannot undertake to show you, summarily and off-hand, the whole secret. I have already explained some portions of it. I will do more. We have our troubles still—in Ireland and elsewhere—but, on the whole, HER MAJESTY'S is a jocund Jubilee, compared with all previous ones. We have had the advantage of fifty years of the reign of a pure lady, a good mother, a constitutional Sovereign. That is much. But that is not all. For nearly the same term, for close upon fifty years, England has been brightened and blessed by a certain Great Light which shone not upon your own lengthened reign."

"What is it? What is it? What? What?" almost shrieked the excited Shade.

"Your Majesty cannot guess, then?" said *Mr. Punch*, with a compassionate smile.

"No—no—no!" cried his visitor. "Never could understand conundrums and puzzles and things. Give it up."

"Why," said *Punch*, "it is a Light which beats the Electric Light, and would outshine even the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S proposed hundred-thousand-million-candle-power Jubilee illumination. It teems with wisdom which would dispel even your doubts; with 'boetry' which even your royal relative could not dislike; and with caricature which you would understand—and relish. It goes far to explain the wondrous difference between our well-beloved VICTORIA'S Jubilee and your own. For nearly the whole of the fifty years of VICTORIA'S reign it has shone upon a welcoming world. It shines from this *sanctum*, Sire, and it beams from the eyes of—PUNCH!!"

"What?—what? Hay?—hay? Well, I never!" ejaculated the startled Shade. "I suppose it is so, however, strange as it seems. Would that I had had you at my side!"

"You need not then have lost America, or have brooded in lonely seclusion whilst your people were celebrating your Jubilee," said the Sage, kindly. "Sally forth, Sire—if—if—such things are permitted—when the People to-morrow pours into the streets of the City to welcome and joyously shout at their Sovereign, and you will understand the world-wide difference between the Two Jubilees!"

The dawn glimmered gently in, the Royal Shade shimmered slowly out, and *Mr. Punch*, meditating many things, dressed himself to go forth with the rest of the world and greet his QUEEN.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXIX.—THE FISHERMAN.

SURELY, *Piscator*, like *Poeta*, *nascitur non fit*. To no one but the born Fisherman are his patience, his infinite capacity for taking pains, and his Stoical indifference to personal discomfort, at all intelligible. To the world at large, his quiet satisfaction with apparently meagre results is quite inexplicable; for the true sportsman will be more elated by the capture of one brace of trout from certain streams, than if he had drawn hundreds from a Scotch loch. To him the surmounting of difficulty is the grand object, and the smallest basket may often only be obtained at the price of the most consummate judgment, address, resource, and perseverance. Do the fish rise better in the morning than later in the day? The Fisherman will rise still earlier, and he will not grudge, if need be, to walk miles so as to be present at their *levée*.

See him as he approaches the river, his eye fixed upon the likely places! With what practised speed, and yet how carefully, he sets up his rod, standing the while some distance from the water's edge! On the way he has determined what flies he will use first; he does not hesitate an instant as he attaches the casting-line, though already his heart beats fast with excited speculation as to the result of his first few throws. All is ready at last, and now he begins to fish, working slowly and steadily towards the ideal spot where fish should be, if anywhere. Mark how his line traverses the whole area of water; every trout has an opportunity of seeing the flies which are presented in succession even before the wily veterans lurking coyly in snug retreats which are either inaccessible to, or neglected by, inferior anglers. Oftentimes only by a hair's-breadth does the tail-fly escape the treacherous snag or overhanging bough that seems to lean forward on purpose to catch it; and though he cast with every precaution, mishaps will constantly occur even to the most dexterous Fisherman. When misfortunes come, as they often do on a bad day, "not as single spies, but in battalions," then the temperament of the true angler is needed. Who but a Fisherman can comprehend the feelings of one who in a failing light finds his last and only "killing" fly fast in a bush, while he knows that within a few yards lie fish waiting to be caught?

He who wields the fishing-rod pursues an unsociable calling. If he start forth in the morning with a brother of the angle, the pair will possibly return together at night. But during the day the two will probably hardly interchange more than a word; as likely as not they will not meet. Isolation from his fellow creatures is essential to the Fisherman; Nature and his own thoughts are his companions. For him the fleecy clouds as they scud across the sky are eloquent, the ruffled surface of the shallows and the opaque black or white of the depths bring each their message, the "leaves and zigzag branches write wonderful words against the evening sky." The fisherman, like every solitary sportsman, becomes of necessity a philosopher. Unconsciously his mind absorbs somewhat of the serenity of the landscapes among which he moves.

As a result the Fisherman is of all men least prone to glory in his own prowess; heavy baskets he knows to be at times impossible to the expert, and at others hardly to be missed by the novice. To do as well as circumstances will permit is all that he aspires to achieve. But he who is heart and soul in his craft will take fish when no one else in the neighbourhood can so much as catch sight of a fin. His gear is always adjusted with the nicest precision, and the knots of his line contain part of the man's character. He does not seek the applause of others, he wishes to use the best tackle to the best purpose.

Overnight Piscator selects his tackle, and rigs his casting-lines; on the morrow, by the river's brink, he sits down to mend, to replace, to make alterations, with a cheerful intentness than it is good to see. In his ears sound the murmur of waters, and the hum of insects; before his eyes a panorama of light and shade is continually shifting. Cattle eye him occasionally with a lazy indifference as they stumble to the ford to drink, and the water-rat flops into the stream, making off with all possible dispatch as he approaches.

The Fisherman's day is indeed an idyl, ever changeful and charming as the music of CHOPIN. Some it delights to destroy pheasants with noise, and to stand in "hot corners." To others are vouchsafed the Angler's gentle zeal, and the soul to appreciate his privileges.

WINDOW STUDIES.

"THE HEAVENS LAUGH WITH YOU IN YOUR JUBILEE!"—*WORDSWORTH.*

THE JUBILEE OF KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

(Gathered from the John Hollingshead Chronicles.)

On the morning of the 25th of January, 1377, the King was early astir. He sent for the Poet Laureate and invited him to partake of breakfast. The meal of the period was composed of an infusion of herb and hot water, sweetened with a sort of sugar and mixed with milk. His Majesty was merry.

"Gadzooks," he exclaimed, using the strange idiom of the century, "but this concoction suits me to a T! Come, CHAUCER, can you not think of some food particularly toothsome for this auspicious occasion?"

"Ay, that can I," replied the Poet, dreamily, "I have a fancy that the flesh of a pig fried with a crushed egg would be most palatable."

"Be it so," returned the Monarch, heartily, and a few minutes later King and Trobadour were discussing a dish that for many years afterwards was known as "*Iggs and Bacun.*"

"And now, CHAUCER, what shall I do next? Beshrew me, I am a needy one! So—look you—let not thy plan cost me a silver penny. I want something cheap and popular."

"Why not confirm *Magna Charta?*" suggested the poet, who was inhaling a vapour that passed from a bowl full of smouldering dried cabbage-stalks through a tube into his mouth, "why not confirm *Magna Charta?*"

"I have done this kind of thing several times before," replied the King, musingly, "but as thou sayest it costeth me nothing. So here goes."

With this the aged Sovereign taking a feather from a goose that happened to be passing, made a large cross upon the palladium of British Liberty, and smiled graciously.

"So much for the people, and now for myself. Canst not hit upon some plan for my entertainment?"

"That indeed can I?" returned the Poet, putting his hand in his pocket, "knowing O King, thou wouldst wish to be amused, I have brought with me a little thing of my own composition, which I will now read to thee, after indeed I have refreshed my bowl with dried cabbage-stalks and set it a smouldering."

Illuminations.

The Monarch sighed, and leaving the breakfast-table, threw himself on a couch which had recently been sent to him by the POPE from Italy. This couch, which was gallantly furnished with a padded seat and a sort of cushion, was called a sofa.

"I can always listen better with a covering over my head," observed the Sovereign suiting the action to the word.

"I call my little effort *The Canterbury Tales*," commenced CHAUCER, spreading out his manuscript. "I think you will like them."

Then he read for the space of three hours while EDWARD THE THIRD expressed his great satisfaction by breathing loudly at regular intervals. At the end of the third hour the King sat up with a start.

"Where am I?" he exclaimed, and then quickly added, "I mean to say Capital! Excellent! You should send them to a comic journal."

"I will," replied CHAUCER. "I have long intended to start one. I should like it to be called, *The London Charivari.*"

"Why not call it *Punch?*" asked the King.

"*Or the London Charivari,*" persisted CHAUCER, who was an obstinate kind of person when contradicted. "And so thou art indeed needy, O King," continued the Poet. "I am sorry for that, as, had it been quite convenient to thee, I should have asked for the payment of my own salary, now three quarters in arrears."

"It is thine own fault, old word-jigger," returned the Monarch. "Thou art fond of inhaling the vapour of cabbage-stalks—why dost thou not discover tobacco? Did thou invent it, thou shouldst have the monopoly of its sale, which wouldst pay thy salary a hundredfold."

"By my halidom, I have it!" exclaimed CHAUCER.

"Have what?" asked the King. "And halidom is an anachronism, and will not be used until a later century than that wherein thou and I exist."

"Good, my lord," cried CHAUCER, excitedly. "I have it. Put on thy crown and royal robes, and go to Westminster Abbey."

"Certainly—but wherefore?"

"To celebrate thy Jubilee, to be sure! Go by as long a route as possible there, and leave the rest to me. I see my way to realising a fine profit."

"An thou dost," replied the Sovereign, "gadzooks, thy salary shall be in arrears no longer."

The crowds were immense. Never had there been seen so fine a procession. First came three vehicles (scarcely carriages, because

Omnibus.

they had not then been invented), containing some of the nobility—then followed the King himself. The cheers were continuous, and the enthusiasm immense. In those days there were no houses along the line of route, which extended to Kensington, Knightsbridge, South Belgravia, Piccadilly, Leicester Fields, and the Mary le Bone Gardens, and thus the people were forced to stand on the ground. Some of them derived an advantage over others by standing on a plank supported by two barrels. A man coarsely attired, but whose language spoke a gentler calling (it was as flowery as that of any Poet), collected the money. This man was here, there, and everywhere. For a portion of the time he drove a sort of conveyance (not an omnibus, because omnibuses were not in vogue for many a long

Coster's Stand.

year afterwards), and was extortionate in his fares. However, the good citizens paid merrily themselves, saying, "By our troth, but a Jubilee cometh but once in fifty years!"

The day ended, and once more Troubadour and Sovereign were closeted together. They were enjoying the illuminations. CHAUCER poured into his Master's hands vast sums of copper money.

"Of a verity this is a brave display!" exclaimed his Majesty.

"Sire, thou hast not forgotten the terms?" questioned the Poet. "That thou, O King, were to have the takings of the stands after my salary had been paid in full."

"A goodly arrangement and a just one—now have I no more to receive?"

The Poet shook his head signifying that he had paid over all that he had received, and then putting forth his hand exclaimed, "And now, O King, my salary?"

"Shall be paid in full out of the tobacco monopoly when that next is discovered," replied the Monarch locking up the cash, "say, old friend, what thinkest thou?"

"That if my salary depends upon tobacco, it will end in 'smoke.'"

The King laughed long at this quaint conceit. The Poet also smiled, but whether the smile was intended for the quibble (which truth to say, was not a very new one) or was caused by a recollection that out of the stand-lettings he had already paid himself his salary told a hundred-fold, the Chronicles do not testify.

'ARRY ON THE JUBILEE.

DEAR CHARLIE,

YOU *are* a old 'ermit! Did think as you'd trot up to town,
To jine this 'ere Juberlee gammock and back hup the Court and the Crown.
I'd as soon be a bloomin' old Blue-Point deep down in the briny, dear boy,
As be mugged up in medders and mangolds with nothink to do or enjoy.

The town's painted red I can tell yer, a reglar flare-up and no kid;
Got a seat for the Ryal Percession for which I'd to blue arf a quid;
Pooty stiff, but then 'ARRY 's a patriot, the scene 'll be somethink immense,
And when larks and loyalty jine, *I* say wire in, and bust the expense!

We shan't see seoh another dust-up, CHARLIE; Juberlees ain't like green peas,
Or Derbies or centenny—wotsits, and that 's wy I'm in for the squeeze.
A fifty years' stretch on the throne is a record as ain't often made,
Pertikler in times like these 'ere, as is bad for the Ryalty trade.

Wot with dynimite, CHARLIE, and duffers like HYNDMAN, KRAPOTKIN & Co.,
And dashed traitors like GLADSTONE and MORLEY, kings' cribs are not wuth arf a blow.
They seem always a gitting kicked out or blown up, mate, and suddent at that,
Jest as though they wos tram-car conductors, without no more rights than a rat.

But HER MADGESTY—bless 'er!—'as bested 'em. No one, dear CHARLIE, can't say
She ain't 'ad a fair run for *'er* money. And now it 's 'er Juberlee Day;
And I mean bein' in it, I tell yer. I shan't shy at blueing a bob,
For my patriot soul 's hup at pop-pint, and 'ARRY is fair on the job.

It 's a rare fillaloo, and no error, Q. J. is all over the shop;
Heard a bloke cryin' "Juberlee Winkles," and arter that where *will* they stop?
Fact is, Trade is still so dashed bad, and there 's bin seoh a run on the tin,
That most heveryone takes up the cry on the horf chance of jest a look in.

I am hup in the sterrups jest now, as you know, my dear CHARLIE, thanks be!
And since I 've bin "hinterviewed"—well, even V. R. 'erself must know Me.
So I 've togged myself up to the nines, mate, and if I *should* ketch the QUEEN 's heyes,
Well, she won't be ashamed of 'er subjeck, that 's poz, dear old pal, and no flies!

It 's in me, my pippin, it 's in me, and, 'ang it, it 's bound to come out, [lout;
That there *jenny say quor*, dontcher know, as divides the true gent from the
And if Mrs. GUELPH, as we call 'er, should spot me—well, there I won't blow
Like that BUFFALER BILL, but by Jingo she 'll see as I 'm fair in the know.

I did 'ope to git into the Habbey; I ought to 'ave bin there, you see,
As a true repprysentative man, wich is wot I 'm admitted to be.
But there *is* seoh a lot of red-tape, CHARLIE. Fancy wot *might* 'ave bin done
With this Juberlee Day if the Bigwigs 'ad only been fly to true fun!

Wy ain't there no Fireworks, for instance? That there Dook of WESTMINSTER
Of candle-ends stuck in the winders is like that close-fisted old codge. [dodge,
Wy didn't he stump up the ochre? He rolls in it, CHARLIE, old man,
And yet *his* contrybution to Toosday is this mangy taller-dip plan.

Wy when GEORGIE THE THIRD, poor old buffer!—was playin' *'is* Juberlee game,
They 'ad larks with roast oxes and rockets, and wy shouldn't we do the same?
Primrose 'Ill all ablaze with set-pieces, and bonfires all over the shop.
That 's wot *I* should call doin' it prime, and 'twould catch the B. P. on the 'op.

If our toppers mean stickin' up top, mate, and not coming down with a run,
They must ladle the ochre out freer, and give us a little more fun.
They may be jest as rich as old Creeses, and none on us won't care a bob;
But if they turn *stingy*, old pal, they may jest as well turn up the job.

We 'll pervide 'em with L. S. D., CHARLIE, with palaces, pensions, and parks;
But if we supply the canaries, the toppers must let us 'ave larks.
That 's a moral, old man, trust yours truly. Their game is a trifle too steep,
And if there 's one thing as *won't* wash, it is Ryalty done on the cheap.

'Owsomever, that 's jest by the way, mate. I 've wolfed lots of jujubes, old man,
For I mean to hooray till I 'm hoarse, and I want to be heard if I can.
Can't yer run up to town for the evening, and take a all-rounder with me
To see London light up for VICTORIA? I tell yer it will be a spree.

POLLY PECKHAM will be on my arm, I can furnish you out with a gal
As will suit you right down to the ground, CHARLIE. *Do* make a heffort, old pal.
It 's a thing as we all oughter see; I 'll mount all the topsail *I* can carry,
And if you 'll shove in your jib-boom, you 'll oblige yours right loyally,

'ARRY.

IT is said that Mr. DAVITT depends largely upon supply from American funds. The Irish-American party are fond of Mr. DAVITT, and he of them. Strong affection between the parties. Quite—(no, not quite)—"DAVITT and JONATHAN."

"THE FLÔ REVELATIONS."—We 've heard the last of them. They are now the "Over-Flô."

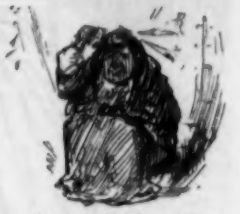
THE BUFFALO BILLERIES.

By Dumb Crambo Junior.

The Wild *West* Show.

Boss and "Bos."

King of the Cowboys and Duke of Bucking 'em.



See-you Chief combing his Wig-wam.

A Lass-o with a Lasso.

Squaws and Squawls.

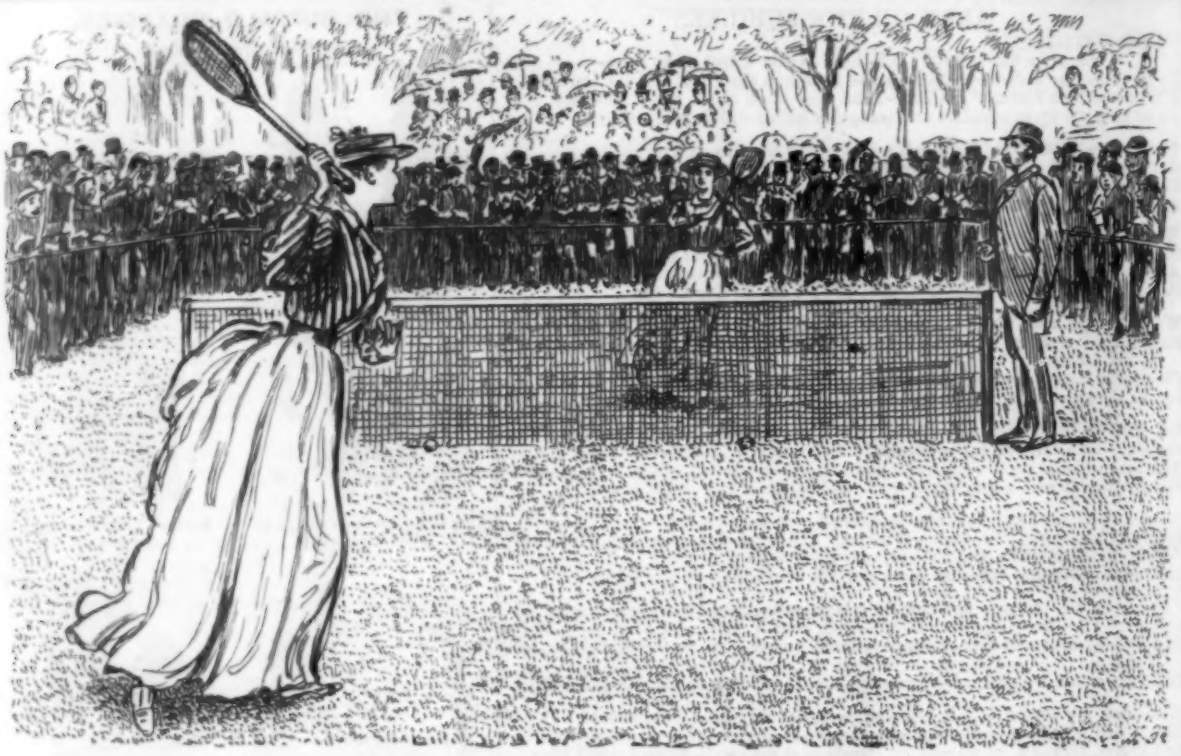
Injin-carring Department.

Our Artist is persuaded to try a mount. When last seen he was still soaring toward the setting sun.

THE ISLINGTON CAMPAIGN.

No better Show than the Military Tournament, with Major TULLY in command, and Captain DANN—the "hoarse soldier," as *Mr. Punch* first christened him years ago—as Master of the Ring. The building the bridge, the crossing it, and the assault on the fort gallantly defended by the Military Band under the noble old flag of "Refreshment Contractors" waving above their heads, were more exciting than last year, owing to the Armed Train, which runs in screaming like a wild Injine, and with Blue Jackets in front to work the gun with a handle, as if it were a common street-organ. The stage arrangements, the carrying off of the wounded boy, and the ambulance lending assistance, reflected the greatest credit on Colonel ONSLOW. The dead men acted their parts to the life. The audience was crowded, hot, and enthusiastic. The welcome given to the Princess of WALES's Own Hussars (or Lancers, we forget which) was spontaneously hearty. Altogether a great success; and BUFFALO BILL's Show (except the Buckers) not "in it" with the Military Tournament, which, it is to be regretted, lasts only one week.

THE Reform Club Ball was a splendid affair last Wednesday. The dancers were plucky, and, in spite of crush and heat, formed and re-formed over and over again.



CAUTION TO LADY CHAMPIONESSES.

(Match between Miss Harriet de Vere Talboys and the Hon. Emily Vavasour.)

Chorus of Bookmakers. "GO IT, 'ARRIET! THREE TO ONE ON HEMILY!" &c., &c., &c.

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

MR. PUNCH had quite set his heart upon furnishing his pupils with a Jubilee Ode which should afford the fullest scope both to their loyalty and elocution; and he had given an early order to his regular Poet to furnish him with a piece of superior quality and finish. The Bard, however, yielding to an unworthy diffidence, has shrunk from competing with singers of stronger pinions than his own, and had it not been for a gifted native gentleman of Bengal, a MR. CHATTERJEE MOOKERBHOY, who rushed gallantly in to fill the gap with a composition that is, on the whole, equally creditable to his head and heart (though perhaps a little unfortunate here and there, from a not unnatural want of familiarity with the nicer *nuances* of the language)—had it not been for enterprising Mr. MOOKERBHOY — the Amateur Reciter would have had no Jubilee Recitation upon which to expend his energies. Here, then, is the Baboo's spirited effort, which, from its extreme simplicity, can be rendered with comparative ease by even a beginner:—

JUBILEE ODE.

Compounded by Baboo Chatterjee Mookerbhoy, as token of loyalty.

In the groves of calorific India,
Stands a pillar, stamped with two initials;
And the Ryot bows himself before it,
Making a poojah.
(*"The recitationer," says the Baboo, "should manifest here before the audience the alluded mechanism."*)
Next he crowns it with a wreath of champak,
And, on tiptoe gingerly approaching,
Down its mouth, that gapes, as if expectant,
Pops in a sweetmeat.
(*Imitate a popping gesture, and skip back with a salaam.*)
Then he lays his letter down before it,
Hoping for the notice of the Demon,
Who resides within the little column—
V. R. the viewless!
(*Fold your arms across your stomach, with a transit to cultivated compassion and quiet inflatedness.*)
We are blessed with better education
Than to kneel in front of pillar-boxes,
Though they all are symbols of a Sov'reign,
Splendidly tip-top!
No malignant deity is V. R.
To be wooed by long propitiation!
But a kind, good-natured-looking lady—
Judging by portraits.
So 'tis not with superstitious motives
That we 've ornamented all the lamp-posts
With festoons of flowers made of paper,
Finer than fivepence!
For we greet the fiftieth recurrence
Of the day our QUEEN the throne ascended
With a solemn universal high jinks,
Painting the town red!
On this rompish Day of Jubilation
Let there be no sign of any snip-snap!
Let the bells ring out a merry welkin!
("*The practice of making the welkin ring on public rejoicings is remarked at,*" *says* MR. MOOKERBHOY, *learnedly,* "*by all the number-one poets and best-quality warblers.*")
Flourish the trombones!
(*With an exalted raptness of one who has got a dazzlement on his Horatio, or mind's eye.*)
Here she comes, the Governess of Albion!
Let us all draw in our horns before her,
Make a leg, and greet her with a curtsey,
Shout "Lackadaisy!"
Now we bend, respectfully collapsing,
For her stately caravan advances,
Through the festive crowd of cockahoopers,
All of a twitter!
O VICTORIA, we thy loving subjects
Raise for thee the clamorous *cui bono!*
Deign to jerk us, in retaliation,
One little simper!
(*With an action of imploration, you should retire backward, avoiding the emotional displays of feeling which are likely to proceed from those by whom you may be audited.*)

MR. DAVITT has made a few mistakes lately. When MR. PARNELL is inclined to use strong language, he says "O DAVITT!"

"GOD SAVE TH[E]

THE QUEEN!"

PEACEFUL TRIUMPHS OF THE REIGN.

LANE AND GARDEN.

COLONEL MAPLESON wisely retired with his Company on Monday last rather than incur a disastrous loss. The Colonel is an old soldier, and his plan of campaign included the probability of such a mischance when there were in the field two distinct antagonistic forces, in the operatic army of

OH, THE JUBILEE!

"Per te d'Immenso Giubilo," &c.
Lucia di Lammermoor, *Chorus*, Act II.

Signor LAGO—already victorious—and the vast forces at the disposition of General AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. But the Colonel, though he has warily retreated, is still undefeated, and sounds the trumpet for another attack, which is announced for Thursday next. Success to the veteran warrior! Whether AUGUSTUS intended to take the town by storm with *Aïda*, is a matter which the result has left uncertain. The Orchestra, under the *bâton* of Field-Marshal MANCINELLI was grand, glorious, and enough to blow off the heads of an audience. Of course *Aïda* is a noisy opera, and when the voices aren't sufficiently powerful, it is as well to make up for quality with a quantity of wind and string. But here there was quality—good quality, too, as far as the chorus and most of the principals went, and even the weakest of these came out uncommonly well in a chorus.

If *ensemble* were to be the strength of Opera Druriolana, then the public will say to AUGUSTUS IMPERATOR, what *Box* said to *Cox*, "Then give us a chorus." But this should not be so, as in his Signori PANDOLFINI, MIRANDA, NAVARRINI, and the French *Tenore Robusto*—"*Robusto, toi que j'aime!*"—JEAN DE RESZKE,—romantic name—quite the title of an Opera in itself—he has what Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM would call "The Elephants of success."

Signora (why "*Signora?*" as she's German?—but no matter) MILA KÜPFER-BERGER may be all that is required as a "Prima Donna Drammatica" by the audience of the Teatro Real at Madrid, but the audience of the still more real Theatre at Drury Lane, want something more than dramatic talent,—which didn't seem very over-powering,—in an Opera. The make-up and costume of the Donna Drammatica as *Aïda* was curiously suggestive of one of the Huntresses of the Wild West Show, and some ignoramuses seeing Mr. FOLEY—we mean Signor FOLI—in the stalls, mistook him, on account of the length of his locks and his drooping moustache, for BUFFALO BILL himself, who they thought was present to encourage the performance of one of his *troupe*.

On the same night, at Covent Garden, *Lohengrin* was given, with ALBANI and GAYARRÉ; and though the Opera to non-Wagnerites is somewhat tedious (and the heat was trying to audiences everywhere), yet there can be little doubt that the Covent Garden Company, having got the start, has kept well ahead, and that ALBANI and GAYARRÉ are the favourites, and will bring in Covent Garden first at the end of the season. One Opera will pay, two won't. Why doesn't the Musical Millionnaire, Madame PATTI, come forward, and, out of mere love of Music, start a Company of her own, paying first-rate salaries, and being a naturalised Welsh-woman, ready to show what "gallant little Wales" can do, ready to take the profits as her share, or nothing, since she is well able to stand the loss of a few thousands, if loss there could ever be with the proverbially lucky *diva*. That she, our *Dinorah*, our *Aïda*, our *Rosina*, our several other things, should be out of it, is "the pity of it," and, if she liked, she could put it all right. This is a suggestion from T'OTHER FELLOW.

P.S.—"In this hot weather, after the Opera is over, a cold something in *aspic*, or a deliciously fresh lobster, washed down with whatever your particular weakness may be——" "But one of my rules is never to sup." "Then," we say, "go to our RULE'S for an exception." It's worth the last quarter of an hour of any Opera. *Verb. sap.*

A PEACEFUL TRIUMPH.

Punch's Ode on the Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, June 21, 1887.

Nor with the ruthless Roman's proud parade
Of flaunting ensigns and of fettered foes,
Nor radiantly arrayed
In pomp of purple, such as fitly flows
From the stern Conqueror's shoulders, comes our QUEEN
Whilst England's ways with June's glad garniture are green.

Not with the scent of battle, or the taint
Of cruel carnage round about her car,
Making the sick air faint
With the dread breath of devastating war,
Rolls on our Royal Lady, whilst the shout
Of a free people's love compasses her about.

The pageantry that every step attends
Is not the martial pomp that tyrants love,
No purchased shout of slaves the shamed air rends;
Peace's white-pinion'd dove
Might perch upon those banners unafraid,
The shackled forces here are thralls of Art and Trade.

Titans beneficent that in the train
Of peaceful progress walk with willing feet,
In the proud service of the conquering brain,
Loyally strong and fleet;
With calm-eyed Science, and with white-robed Health,
The unarmed champions of the new Commonwealth.

Unarmed with tools of slaughter, yet of strength
To shake the phalanx and to blunt the spear.
O QUEEN! the loyal land through all its length
Breaks into one wide cheer
Of patriot rejoicing on this day,
And hails your Peaceful Triumph winding its calm way.

Triumph! Shall we not triumph who have seen
Those fifty years round on from sun to snow
From snow to sun, since when, a girlish QUEEN
In that far June-tide's glow,
Your brow first felt that golden weight, well-worn,
Which tried the Woman's heart, but hath not overborne?

Fifty fair years which, like to all things fair,
Are flecked with shadow, yet whereon the sun
Hath never set in shame or in despair,
Their changeful course have run.
And we who saw the dawn now flock to see
June's noonday light illume VICTORIA'S Jubilee.

Triumph! No brainless, loud thrasonic boast
Of indiscriminate self-eulogy
Rings from our lips, or from the loyal host
From every land and sea
Who gather, drawn by kinship's gentle cords,
As heroes flocked of old to the fierce feast of swords.

The hands that wave in jubilant acclaim
Could, at stern need, clench close upon the hilt;
But England yearns to build a nobler name
Not on the conqueror's guilt,
The iron ruler's raw and ruthless might,
But on the patient potent faith in love and right.

That were a triumph which might fire our souls
And shake our steeples with the joy-bells' din.
Straining to that most glorious of goals
Which once to near, to win
Were the realm's olive-crown of deathless fame,
We lift our shouts to-day, O QUEEN, in your loved name!

Is not this Peaceful Triumph foretaste fair
Of Honour's full fruition yet to be?
The music round you is no martial blare
But voices of the free
Ring unconstrained rejoicing on your way,
Symbol of England's might and ocean-girdling sway.

Just, pure, and gentle, yet of steadfast will
When high occasion calls and honour pricks!
With such a soul our Commonwealth should thrill,
That, that alone shall fix
Our rule in rock-like safety, and maintain
Free way for England's flag o'er the wind-winnowed main.

Clang bells, cheer Britons, clamour voices sweet
Of English womanhood in chorus clear!
Flood with a sea of faces the grey street,
Of Babylon the drear!
The flower-pied meadow-world is scarce more gay, [day.
Than the thronged city vistas on this festal

A galaxy of girlish eyes gleams bright
And blue as hyacinth clumps amidst the grass,
Where'er in the huge Capital's full sight,
This pageantry shall pass.
Man's ringing cheer and woman's radiant smile,
Speak love for England's QUEEN and our dear sea-girt Isle.

And *Punch* whose memory scans those fifty years, [days,
Whose patriot forecast broods o'er coming
Smiles with the smiling throngs, and lifts his cheers,
With those the people raise,
And prays that firmer faith, spirit more free,
May date from this proud day of jocund Jubilee.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 13.—When new office created for KING-HARMAN in connection with Irish Government, everybody wanted to know Why? Nobody answered. Now secret out. KING-HARMAN made Parliamentary Secretary to Irish Government in order that he might deliver the perfectly delicious answer about ambulatory crowbar which convulsed House to-night.

"Put a penny in, and the figure will move."

"Is it true," CONYBEARE asked, "that at the Bodyke Evictions a bailiff threw a crowbar through a wall?"

"No, Sir," said KING-HARMAN, drawing himself up to full height, and steadily confronting querist, "no such occurrence happened. What is true is, that on one occasion a crowbar slipped from the bailiff's hand, and entered the house through an aperture in the wall." Shouts of laughter, amid which KING-HARMAN stood immovable. When uproar partially subsided, he added, "It was purely accidental, and did not occur a second time." Disposition on part of Irish Members to resent ARTHUR BALFOUR'S practice of leaving questions to be answered by his subordinate. If KING-HARMAN can go on this way, there will be no further question of the arrangement.

More pegging away at Coercion Bill in Committee. Settled that at Ten o'Clock on Friday, whatever Amendments to whatever number of Clauses remain unsettled shall be run through forthwith, and Committee stage accomplished. That being so, BARTLEY, who looks in on his way home after having founded another Penny Bank, wants to know what's the use of wasting time? TIM HEALY, who has discovered in facial aspect of the Member for Islington resemblance to one of those automatic figures which moves when a penny is inserted in the open mouth, tells him to go away and mind his own business. As for Irish Members, they intend to ignore Resolution of Saturday morning. Will discuss Clauses line by line and word by word as before. If on Friday Government like to rush through without discussion any Clauses that may remain, the consequence be on their head. Penny Bank BARTLEY is conjured to "put that in his pipe and smoke it;" which he, metaphorically, does, and goes his way.

JOHN MANNERS back to-night, after a bout of illness. House delighted to see him. Cheer enthusiastically when he rises, blushing, to answer question. House justly proud of the picturesque old man, almost last surviving link with Young England days.

Business done.—Coercion Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Shadow of the coming Jubilee lies heavy on House. Various questions discussed; but Jubilee always reasserts itself. Many questions about Grand Stand in Parliament Square. Seats not to be reserved and numbered, it appears. GEORGE CAMPBELL sternly asks, "Are we to understand that Ladies are to scramble for their places?"

"Smiles audibly."

"I hope," said that *preux chevalier*, PLUNKET, with a pained look at the enormity of the suggestion, "that Ladies do not scramble."

Clear through the grating in the cage over the Press Gallery, came the whisper, "What a nice man!"

GARDNER wanted to know how long the streets would be kept open for Members' carriages, and Alderman FOWLER, twice Lord Mayor of London, posed PLUNKET with inquiry as to what was to be done with Members' carriages when they had arrived and set down their fare? JOHN DILLON gave new turn to conversation by suggesting that House should sit on Jubilee Day; at which suggestion WINTERBOTHAM, Q.C., with a rose in his button-hole, audibly smiled.

At last House resumed Committee on Coercion Bill, the movement being signal for general Exodus. Almost alone GLADSTONE sat on Front Bench with Bill in one hand and copy of Amendments in other, eagerly comparing them. Everyone else, not excluding the indomitable TIM, wearied with the worn-out theme. Leaders of the Government abdicated, leaving Treasury Bench in possession of Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and CHIEF SECRETARY. Even JOHN MORLEY, most assiduous attendant upon House, had given himself rest. The Irish Camp half empty, and the Benches opposite tenantless. And here was GLADSTONE, leaning forward, with elbows on knees, Bill in one hand, and Amendments in the other, as eagerly scanning them as if he had but just discovered this new fount of delight. ARTHUR BALFOUR looked across the table at him with perceptible increase of interest.

"What on earth can he find interesting in the beastly Bill?" he muttered, and, settling himself forward another inch, went to sleep.

"Curious thing," says WILFRID LAWSON, "how Irish Secretaryship diversely affects different men. It ruined FORSTER'S health and temper; it turned TREVELYAN'S hair grey; it gave an added tone of placidity to CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S imperturbability; and it makes ARTHUR BALFOUR sit more and more recklessly on his spine. Fancy, before Bill is reported, he 'll have accomplished his heart's desire, and be able to sit upon the blades of his shoulders."

Business done.—Very little. No prospect of more pending compulsory conclusion of Committee Stage on Friday. All owing to the Jubilee. So, till Jubilee is over, shall move my own Adjournment.

"SHADES OF EVENING."—"What to do with your hands," is always a difficulty for amateurs, for *débutants* in Society, and for nervous persons. If anyone would learn what to do with his hands, let him call in one evening at the Pavilion and see Professor TREWEY (he used to exhibit at the Alhambra) make a "galanty show," out of his two hands. Wonderful and immensely amusing, especially on a hot evening, which is warm in the well-ventilated Pavilion. It is well worth seeing, and anyone visiting the place will find our words verified, we mean Trewey-fied.

ROBERT ON THE JUBILEE.

WELL, all I can say is, if we 're to have many more Jewbillys such as this here one during the nex year or two, they will have to get a raythor younger Head Waiter than me to look after matters, so as to keep 'em strate. With all my long xperience, I never know'd sitch a time for eating and drinking and speechifying. First it 's a grand lunch, hot and hurley, at a Livery Company's All; then it 's sitch a dinner as few people as ewer had the chance of heating, at the Grand Metropoll; and then a Ball and supper for a few thousand gesteses, at which they all eats and drinks as if they had nothink to speak of all day! Thems wot had occurd, and will occur again has on Thursday nex; and as we has to prepare for about five thousand wisiters to a Ball at Gildhall, and sitch a supper as nobody carnt give except the honerd Coppersahun, at what time can I reasonably expec to reach my downy and wirtuous couch? And ewen that isn't all, for my old friends the Jiners has fixt on the werry next day for a hookscursion, on bord the "*Maria Wood*" City Barge, and of course they insists on having me as usual, cox I knows their little ways, and the partickler brands of Shampane as they likes. Well, if sum of us tumbles asleep, and falls overboard, and is drownded in the foaming billers off Monkey Iland, all I can say is, it won't be suicide, but overdun dooty.

Of all the warious ways of sillybrating a Jewbilly as I 've herd on up to now, I thinks as the Livery Company's is about the best. They not only asks lots of people to cum to dinner, and gives lots of money to their Poor, but they presents theirselves with bootiful reel Gold deckorations to show their loyalty to the QUEEN in a senserble sort of way. One company has given theirselves all butifool gold pencil-cases, another has given theirselves butifool gold deckorations to wear in their coats on Sherrymonial occasions, and then has a grand Lady's party on purpos to show 'em off; wile a third has given theirselves, ewery one of 'em, butiful gold five-pound pieces as has just been made in the Mint. Ah, that 's what I calls common sense, and no nonsense; for wen it 's all over, and the luminations have all been put out, and the fireworks all gorn off, and the werry last grand dinner eaten and thoroly digested, and paid for, they will still have sumthink left, of that loveliest of all colours, pure gold of 15 carrots, to keep the Jewbilly in their fond remembrance.

I shood think if there 's one class of people more than another, who ought to cash up pretty hansum for all the warious ways as kind frends suggests for sillybrating the Jewbilly, it 's the Doctors, for I raythor thinks as they 'll be having a high time of it, both at the West End and in the City, for the nex munth or so. What we jolly waiters calls the Livery complaint, will be pretty nearly universal.

But a trewse to such sollem professyns on this festiv occashun. If there must be a skeleton in the cupboard, look in him and lose the key, and forget all about him. There's one thing as seems raythor hard upon us perfeshnal gents. Ewerybody is to be made appy and cumferal for a hole fortnite, princes and princesses, and perliecmen and poor paupers, and ewen prisoners, all alike is to rejoice, and be happy and to be thankfull, all, all, with ony one xception, and what a xception! Hus! Yes, we as is so necessary a part of a bankwet, that it wood be simply ridicklus to attempt to have one without us, we, as has so much to do during the nex few weeks as, when I ony thinks of it, fills me with haw! we who is the loyalest and most conservatiffest of men, are to sillybrate the QUEEN'S Jewbilly by workin arder than ever! The ony one peace of sunshine as I have heard on to briten us up to the performance of our hextra duties is the roomer that all our fees is to be dubbled, and shabby sixpences is for the nex few weeks, to be reserved for Charity Sermons.

As there ain't enuff room in Buckenham Palace for all HER MAJESTY'S Royal Gests, I'm harf promised a engagement at wun of the Hotels where sum on em is a going for to stop, so I may posserbly realise the one great wish of my art, and have to hand a dish of taters or sumthink to a King! The simple thort busts me out into a perfuse prespiration, speshally when I remember that His Majesty may praps say summut to me in Russian or Austrian—and then where shood I be?

We waiters held a privet and confidenshal meeting larst week to consult about matters that ain't nothink to noboddy till they is revealed, as they will wun day be. Well, at that Meeting, one of our most risingest young chaps, not above forty, acshally had the wulgar bad taste to say, as he wondered, as amost everybody was a doing sumthink for the QUEEN, what the QUEEN was a going to do for amost everybody! Well, the skream of horror with which his owdacious sentiment was received was somethink as he won't soon forget. How sad it seems to see a yung feller, as mite one day praps become an Hed Waiter, a running off the line, and a kicking over the traces and taking the downward path as most suttenly leads to a Corffee Shop! Well, after the Meeting, BROWN and me was a warking home together, when he says to me, says he, "Do you know, ROBERT, I've bin told as the QUEEN has sum idear of doing what that yung donkey surgested, and that is, to pay all the dets as ewerybody ows which is under £5 a peace, witch I s'pose is about as much as anybody will trust you." I bent my heagle glance upon him, but he didn't shrink, and so we parted; and I don't mind confessing as I have hacted on his hint; for though of course it carnt be true, yet it might be, and my xcuse for not paying my little bills is, what I hear everybody else say, namely, that times is so bad that I find it difficult to make both ends meet, speshally when one is so werry much shorter than the other.

JUBILEE TIME.

Brooeper (surprised at receiving a Shilling). "THANK YER 'ONOUR, AN' MAY THE BLISSED SAINTS PAY YER BACK A THOUSAND THOIMES!"

City Cresus (having "done the sum"). "PHOOUGH! ON'Y FIFTY POUNDS!"

I hears as a good many other Boards is a going to foller the bold xample of the Assylums Board, and send their congraterlations to HER MAJESTY, and conklude with saying that they thinks as it would be a werry nice return for the complement if HER MAJESTY would kindly Night their Cheerman! That seems to have struck a good many others besides me as about as cool a thing as is to be heard of in this hot weather.

I'm told that among the shoals of honners as is about to be showered on the hungry xpectants, there was two of a rayther staggering character, namely a Dookdom for the Prime Minister, and a Nighthood for his great rival, and that both has been declined with thanks. How werry difficult it is to please sum people! I have found, strange to say, a werry great difference of opinion about the Jewbilly. All stingy people, and all quiet people, as hates what they calls a fuss, and all the sneerin and illnatured people, which is a werry numerous body, is ded against it, but on the hother hand, all the hopefool, and all the jolly fellers, and all the Ladies, bless 'em! and all their dressmakers, and all the Shampain people is dead for it. The shining loyalty of the Gas Shareholders is werry creditable to 'em, and the efferwessing loyalty of the Pollynaris people is quite refreshing.

I don't know when the nex one is to be held, but I spose it will be sum time fust, for when I wentured to surgest as the elumination gas-fittings should be kep up till that time, to save xpense, there was quite a roar of larfter, and BROWN acshally said as he thort that I was a rum un, tho I'm sure I don't know why he shood have made such a werry imperent remark. However there's one thing as is clear enuff to my mind, viz., that whether they bees of one sort or of the other, favorable or the rewerse to Eluminations and Fireworks, stingy or liberal, good or bad or middling in all other matters, they all jines hartily, and sincerely and ewen effecshunately, in the one grand prayer, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

ROBERT.

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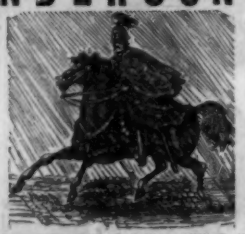

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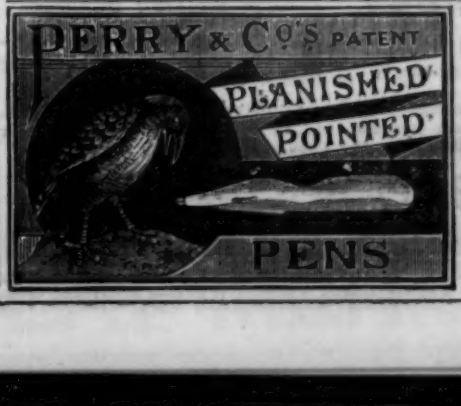

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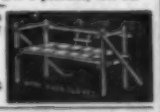

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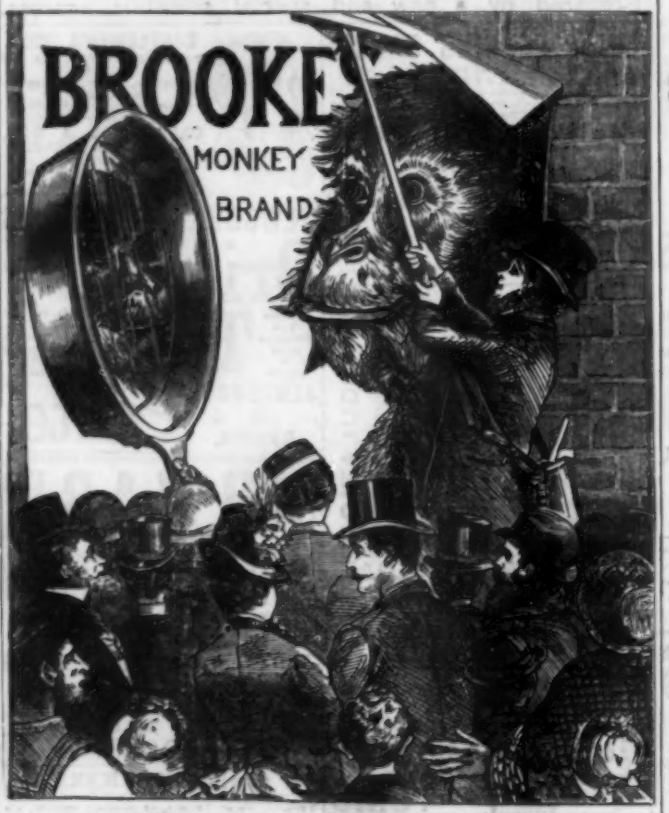

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